

Deep Sea Green

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-03-04 23:22:59

Updated: 2013-06-24 22:06:19

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:37:45

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 5,575

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A girl washes up on the shores of Berk; no memory of anything except an age that seems pretty off. She meets Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and befriends him. Follow them as they get into all kinds of trouble. (Will be following Story line) DISCLAIMER: I do NOT own anything of HTTYD. Rating will change to M

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Deep Sea Greenâ€|\*\***

**\*\*Hello, this is my second fan fiction. It's one about How to Train Your Dragon. Ever since watching the film, I've become somewhat a Herpetophile (NO PORNâ€| dirteh dirteh) and fallen in love with the music. As I type this, I'm listening to New Tail â€" John Powell, and several others from the movie. When (If) rating, please bear in mind, I'm only 14 and that I would approve of help from readers so I can improve. Well, all that jib-jabber out the way, ON TO THE STORY! \*\***

I snuggled deeper into my warm grainy bed, trying to escape the heat on my back and the water between my toesâ€| Wait, back up; grainy bed? And water?

I rolled over and opened my eyes\*\*, \*\*only to have the sun shine into them. I covered them and stood.

I observed my surroundings. I was on a beach, and seagulls cried off in the distance. I could see a tiny speck on the horizon; an island? I swivelled and took in the shore. A thick pine and conifer forest further up to left on the hill I was at the bottom of.

As I continued to take in the area, I saw a villageâ€| A village! I eagerly raced towards it, a slight smile splitting my face.

I don't know why but as soon as I entered, I felt nervous and terrified. I hugged myself, and continued to the entrance of the main

town area, where a giant of a man with a ruddy red beard the size of me stood on a plinth set in stone of a dragon head. He was hollering at the inhabitants about the frost and another expedition to find a nest of some description.

**\*\*(A.N: She's a girl)\*\***

I shuffled past, trying to look as small " smaller than I was- as I could. I could see the light through the hundreds of fur capes, until.

"Ey, Stoick, who's the wee girl?"

Ah.

I slowly turned around to see what appeared to be the entirety of the village to be staring at me with curious eyes.

Then I did something I may come to regret. I passed out, in the middle of a crowd of random people.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddocks P.o.V

I was in the blacksmith, 'holding the fort' while Gobber was at another one of Dad's infamous 'Town Square Rallies' where all the other Vikings met to discuss things like " What's the best way to Kill a Gronkle" and " How to punch a Nadders tail so that it can't fire spikes". Obviously, they 'forgot' to send me and invitation, but I was happy like this. I can't lift hammers, not even light axes, without looking like a scrawny fool.

I enjoyed the peace of the blacksmith when these Rallies were on. It meant I could clear up, and get some serious work done, like working on my inventions. My latest, an automated Bola thrower. Since I doubt I was ever going to throw the heavy things, I made something to do it for me. I tried once and dislocated my arm for a week. It was horrible, because I couldn't help Gobber, and that week we had a particularly bad Dragon Raid, and he had about one-hundred and something swords, axes and hammers, all needing fixing. He was a tad on the mopey side, because he wanted to 'get out there'.

But life throws lemons at you, because it's just mean like that.

I heard a sudden outcry from the town square, opened the shutters to see what was going on. A crowd had gather around Gobber, who had a young girl on his shoulder.

My curiosity peaked, and I went to follow the crowd when, look who just \_\*\*had \*\*\_to show up.

"Hey look out guys, it's Hiccup Horrendous Failure!" came Shootout's chortle. His cronies followed suit, except Astrid.

\_Her eyes are the coldest icicles, her hair moves like a dancing flame" \_

"What you staring at wimp?" Ruffnut said, looking around confused.

"I was looking for the care; you know the care I give?"

Damn my wit.

"Oh you'll pay for that now you littl!-"Ruff started, but stopped when Stoick came over.

Oh Gods, this couldn't get any better could it?!

"Ah, Hiccup! Just the Viking I was looking fer!" my Dad boomed. The gang snickered. Oh hilarious. I am dying of laughter. This giggle went straight over his helmeted head of course.

"W-why were you looking for me, Dad?" I asked, cautious.

"Well, this new girl just appeared, and Hilla seems to think she's safe, so, we've agreed, that you and your friends are going to show her around!" He said, a smile on his face, as if he wasn't going to make me spend an hour being dragged around (somewhat literally), kicked, punched and generally abused. Oh yaaaay.

He stomped off, leaving me with the five teens, sending glares my way.

"Well you guys seem to have this handled so I'm just gonna, yeah, go. Bye!" I said, before turning and hitting the rock solid chest of Gobber. You have \_got\_ to be kidding.

"And jus' where'dya think yer goin'?" He said with a knowing look.

I gulped. I wasn't getting out of this. On the very dim bright side, no hitting!

"Nowhere Gob" I sighed, slouching my shoulders. I did a one-eighty, and walked towards my house, where this mystery girl was likely to be staying.

Oh this will be fun!

\*\*(A.N: You don't even know it :P. Uh uh huh. Spoilers!)\*\*

\*\*Girls P.o.V\*\*

I woke up with five teenagers crowded around my bed. I instantly recoiled and hid under the meagre blankets, shaking in fear. They all looked tough, and their hands could hold my whole head. I was terrified. I couldn't even explain it. It's like I was an \_outsider\_ to my own raceâ€¦

"Come on out there love. We aren't gunna hertcha" said a brusque northern voice.

I peeked out over the covers; made of wool she realised. I saw a man with a prosthetic hand and a kind smile offering a real hand out to me.

\*\*(If the writing from here is a bit different, I was watching Pewds ^+^, just a notice)\*\*

I didn't take it, but quietly whispered a greeting.

"Ah, you're a little mouse are ye? Well, that means you'll get along better with Hiccup"

He looked up and pointed to a small, scrawny dark red head who was overlooking me from the stairs with a, can you guess? Curious expression on his face. He was cute, in a mousey, scared kind of way.

"Hi" I mumbled to him.

He waved back, with a now confused expression, and a little blush.

I giggled slightly, and sat up, feeling a lot more comfortable now the teens round me where gone. Hiccup and Gobber then began bombarding me with questions like "What's your name, where did you come from, what tribe are you from" To which I replied with I don't know.

They were slightly flabbergasted that I didn't know anything about anything.

"Do you know how old ye are at least lass?" Gobber asked.

"14,00" I replied instantly. I didn't know why though. They gave each other a glance and then Gobber asked if Hiccup wanted to show me round the town. To that, Hiccup started spluttering and blushing; I giggled quietly.

"Uh, um, okay, ye-yeah, sure" He eventually got out.

"Alryt then, bring to the smithesh when yer done. Remember, if there's a raid, take her with you."

"Sure thing Gobber"

"See ye later Hiccup and, urhâ€| girl" Gobber stood, and left from the massive oak door in front of me.

Hiccup turned with bright eyes.

"Do you want to see the town?"

"Um, as long as we don't see your friends again" I replied. At this, he started laughing absurdly loud.

When he stopped, he looked at me.

"They're hardly my friends! Anyway, how about you get out of that bed, so we can actually leave?" He said wittily.

"Oh \_ha ha!\_" I replied, sarcasm dripping from my voice.

Hiccup smirked, and pulled the duvet off me. I got out and he gasped at my size. I had a direct line of sight to just below his ear.

"You're pretty, uhhh, small?" He stated, unsure if he was seeing things.

"\_Nah, I'm as tall as your dad!" \_Sarcasm, again.

He smirked and took my hand in his warm one, and moved me to the door.

"Well, this-" He opened the door " Is Berk"

I gasped at the sight before me.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*(A.N: Howdy there partner! Another chapter! I'm trying to portray Hiccup accurately, it's just I can't picture him with a human friend [TOOTHLESS, YAAAAAY!] Also, I'd like to thank The Night Fury Girl and for reviewing! It really does mean a lot to me. It's not much, but it's something! ^.^But any way, ONWARDS MY STEED OF IMAGINATION \*Whinnies\*)\*\*

\*\*Deep Sea Green, Chapter 2\*\*

The town was beautiful in the sunset. The sun glimmered off the roofs of the somewhat triangular houses and the horizon made it beautiful. I noticed something; the houses are all newâ€¦

"Hey, want to see something cool?" Hiccup asked, scratching his neck.

"Sure, as long as it's not a funny shaped rock or something" I don't know why I said that.

"\_Damn, my only plan! \_Just kidding, it's the blacksmith that I work at, there's some awesome stuff in there" He said, smiling widely.

He grabbed my hand once more, and we ran down the trail, watching our step, because the incline was a bit tricky. Some of the villagers gave us odd glances, but I ignored them. It's called fun!

He skidded to a halt, and I bumped into him, jolting him slightly.

"Sorry Hic'" I mumbled

"It's fine; I've had worse." He smiled back.

That worried me a bit, but I soon brushed it off when he led me round the back and lifted some tarp out of the way to show me a small back room, furnished with pictures of mechanisms, and ideas. It was wonderful.

"This is epic!" I said, releasing my hand from his and leaping onto the stool.

He had such amazing ideas. Well, I didn't know what half of them did, but they looked amazing. He moved to stand next to me, and started pointing out ideas he'd had. A bola thrower, an automatic blade sharpener and several others caught my eye.

\_\*\*Over the next three days, Hiccup and I got closer to each other as friends. We got into all kinds of trouble together.\*\*\_

**\*\*(A.N: The day of the Dragon Raid)\*\***

It was getting dark on the hill as Hiccup and I were looking at the horizon. It never failed to amaze me. We'd been told to stay out of town after Hiccups father (the Chieftain) caught us in a harmless prank. It was only cold waterâ€¦

"Hey, look, what's that on the horizon over there!" I asked Hiccup, sitting up and pointing at the small black specks moving seemingly towards us.

"It's a raid! Come on, we have to warn my dad!" He exclaimed, shooting up to his feet.

Once more, Hiccup grabbed my hand and sprinted into the village, shouting "Raid, on the horizon!"

Stoick the Vast emerged from the forest with a pine tree slung over his shoulder; he'd gone to get firewood.

He ran towards Hiccup and I after catching the gist of all the alarm, and rushed us up the hill to his house, where he told us to 'Stay put, an' don't even think about leavin'.

I hadn't gotten round to asking Hiccup what exactly raided him. I tapped him on the shoulder but he had his ear to the door.

"Hiccup? What's happening?"

"Shhh!" He hushed.

"Bu-"

"SHHHSH!" he repeated louder.

He then opened the door, to see a snout fall and breathe fire.

"Dragons!" He whispered.

Well. This should be a bundle of laughs.

"Come on then, Gobber will want us back to help!" I said.

"Let's go!" Hiccup nodded.

He swung open the oak door and, grabbing my hand, and we ran into the fiery hell that was the village of Berk.

**\*\*Hiccup's P.o.V:\*\***

I pulled her out of the house and we started running down the hill, dodging Viking and dragon alike to reach Gobber's blacksmith.

A large Viking leapt upon us, with a battle cry, and said 'Good Evening!' and leapt back into the fray.

"Won't your Dad be angry that we're out in a raid again?" came her voice.

"He won't even- Oof!" I exclaimed as I hit the solid wall of muscle that was my father.

The Gods must hate me. Who has this bad luck?

And then the girl slipped on a slippery patch of mud into me. I think we're balanced for luck actually. We'd gone through an inordinate amount of scrapes, and had more or less the same luck. Except when she nearly fell off Raven Pointâ€|

"Who let these two out?!" Stoick demanded of his people.

The other Vikings just lifted eyebrows, scowled and shrugged.

"You two, get back inside! We don't need any more accidents!" Stoick shouted at us over the sudden roar of a Monstrous Nightmare, which he promptly ran up to and gave a swift left hook on the jaw. No one wonder the legends say he snapped a Dragons neck with his bare hands. Do I believe it? Yes, yes I do.

I took this as a sign for me and my 'partner in crime' to carry on our sprint to the blacksmith.

We eventually reached there, and Gobber greeted us with:

"I thought ye'd been carried off!" he said jokingly.

"You mean us? Nah, they wouldn't know what do to with all this" I said, gesturing to my and her 'muscles'.

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?" he smiled.

We laughed, and I got to work. The girl didn't work, she usually sat on the crates to the side and watched. It was a bit strange at first, but I got used to it. She had beautiful eyes.

\*\*(Hiccstrid lovers please don't hate me! I just don't like Astrid's non-public affection of Hiccup in the movie, so, she's not going to meet Toothless tillâ€| well, you'll just have to wait :P)\*\*

An explosion rang, and the 'popular teenage Vikings' ran by, empty pails in hand. Their job is so much coolerâ€|

I kept hammering down onto the anvil. One day, I'll be a hero.

"Gurl, hand me mah hammer, they need me out there" Gobber said, unscrewing his mallet.

The girl passed him the small axe prosthetic, and he walked out the door, stopped, turned and said

"Stayâ€|Put...There. Oh, ye know what I mean." With a mighty battle cry, Gobber ran into the fray.

I dumped the axe I was working on onto the counter, and closed the shutters, letting everyone know we were close. Me and the girl exchanged glances, grinning as if to say \_Fat chance! \_I grabbed my bola thrower, and taking my hand, we ran out the door, to shoot us down a Night Fury, the most dangerous dragon known to Vikings.

A gronckle is tough, that would \_definitely \_get me noticed. Hideous Zippleback is exotic, two heads with \_twice \_the status. A Deadly Nadder would get high praise, and a Monstrous Nightmare would get me a \_hero status. \_Maybe my Dad would finally see me as more than Hiccup the Useless.

We reached the hill overlooking the docks, and I slapped the side, and the invention sprang apart like some hideous flower in bloom.

I grabbed the handle, while she braced against my back in case the recoil threw me too far.

"Come on, gimme somethin' to shoot at, gimme something to shoot at!" I whispered, scanning the skies for the Unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.

Then I saw it, well, heard it. It was collecting the gases in its mouth for its deadly blue fireball, its signature. I spotted the dark outline against a starry background and fired.

We fell onto the ground, me laying on top of her.

I heard a screech, and a quiet crash.

We gasped and she hugged me.

"I did it! I did it!" I cried out.

I closed my eyes. When I reopened them, instead of her face, I saw my Father looking at me disapprovingly in front of similar looking Vikings. As per usual. Oh wait, he's noticed I'm looking at him. Now it's angryâ€|

I sighed, and span the girl around to face him.

"Hi dadâ€|" I mumbled.

"Hi Chiefâ€|" The girl said.

He sighed, creasing his forehead with his hands.

"Hiccup andâ€| youâ€| Why did you leave the stall?" He asked.

"Uhm, see, uhm, well the thing is d-dad that"

"We shot down a Night Fury" She cut me off.

To this, the group behind him started to laugh madly, despite the carnage that wrecked the village.

He smirked a bit too, but that disappeared behind his emotionless demeanor once more.

Why doesn't he ever believe me!?

After the laughter died down, he spoke.

"Gobber, see that these two make it back to the house. I've got to find a replacement for yer blacksmith."



Guilt panged in my heart, Gobber had essentially no life aside from dragon slaying and smithing. However, he showed no sadness, and nudged us with his good hand up the hill.

**\*\*Girls P.o.V.\*\***

**\*\*(A.N: HER NAME IS REVEALED SOON! Not this c :D)\*\***

Hiccup looked depressed again, and, earlier on, I realised it's pretty pointless to even attempt conversation. So, when we finally shut the door on Gobber after the typical 'Barmaid' argument, I span round with a sparkle in my eyes.

"So, ready to go find us a dragon?"

He smiled back and nodded, blushing slightly.

Hiccup had his notebook out, and we were walking side by side.

He was angry because, well, to put it shortly, we'd lost a \_dragon.\_

"Some people lose their knife or their mug, not us, we managed to lose an \_entire dragon!\_"

"Well, look on the Brightside, you'll be the first Viking ever to lose a Night Fury" I said.

He gave me a light glare and move a branch out of our way, and it hit us in the back and we slid down a muddy incline.

"Owww, Hiccup I know you're angry, but come on!" I moaned. That \_hurt. \_

"Look up."

"No, why'd you do that?" I questioned, rolling around clutching my spine.

"Just look up!" he said, growling.

I looked up and saw a snapped branch and even more very muddy incline; dragon sized.

We looked at each other and grinned.

We ran to the ledge, where the ground dropped off. And there, was Hiccups prize.

The Mysterious Night Fury, bound in ropes, seemingly dead.

"Alright, uh, stay here, and umm, I'll go kill it?" Hiccup said, swallowing loudly.

"S-Sure" I mumbled. A sudden pain in my chest had me quiet.

Hiccup looked in my eyes, and then turned and stealthily slid down.

The pain in my chest had now moved down to my stomach, and into my hips.

He pulled out his tiny knife, and put his foot on the dragon, saying:

"I have brought down this \_mighty \_beast!" but then it grunted, and opened its deep sea green eyes,

About a minute passed, when Hiccup started to have a mini self-dialogue, but I couldn't hear.

The pain in my chest had now succumbed to my entire body. I couldn't feel anything but this, this, searing pain.

In the background, I heard Hiccup cutting up the Bola ropes. \_What is that boy doing?\_

The pain ended. Of their own accord, my feet lifted off the ground, and into the cove, where Hiccup was pinned by the Night Fury.

\_Oh Hells No.\_

I roared and slammed into the Fury's side, and started clawing. I turned to Hiccup to run, but the Night Fury slammed a paw into my temple, and I passed out.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A.N: Hi guys, I just want to say, thank you so much for reading and reviewing, it really makes me happy, because my Form Tutor is a c\*\*t, it just makes me smile. In other news I watched HTTYD because I haven't seen it in ages, and fell in love with it all again. So, thanks. \*\*

\*\*ONWARDS!\*\*

\*\*Deep Sea Green, Chapter 3\*\*

\_\*\*Hiccup's P.o.V\*\*\_

I couldn't believe it. \_Two \_Night Furies! They fought after the one I shot down pinned me, but the new Fury has passed out.

Speaking of passing out-

\_\*\*Girls P.o.V\*\*\_

I awoke on top of a very confused looking Night Fury. His eyes were slits, and the venomous green penetrated my being.

A question: \_What are you?\_

I just looked back, somewhat more confused.

\_What am I?\_

I looked down at my hands and nearly screamed.

They were Paws. I had midnight black \_paws. \_

I leapt off the Night Fury, and inspected myself. My body was sleek, black, a tail with two smaller flaps on them. I had four black 'flaps' that counted as ears of some kind. I could hear grass \_swaying.\_

I was a Dragon. I was a Night Fury.

I tried to run away, but my tail was intertwined with his. I kept trying to untangle it, but I had no control over it.

**\*\*(A.N: GET READY FOR IT!)\*\***

\_Nala, why are you trying to run?\_

I froze.

\_Nala? Who is Nala? \_

\_Youâ€|\_

I started running again. I have turned into a Night Fury; I (finally) have a name, and have no idea how to turn human again. I can't fly, and-

"Is that a Night Fury?" I heard Gobber's voice.

Oh Great Odin's Ghost, I've ran into Berk.

"Get it!" another Viking roared.

I couldn't move, all my muscles were tight. I willed myself and roared. Nothing happened.

The first Viking leapt on top of me, then another, and another and another. Soon a veritable sea of Vikings was above and around me, and still, I couldn't move.

A net soon fell over me, and the storm of humans averted.

Within the net, I was dragged to a large arena with chains above it. It reeked of death and fear.

They threw me in a stone prison and withdrew the net.

I finally got sucked into the dark release of sleep.

**\*\*Hiccup's P.o.V\*\***

When I woke up, the Night Furies were not in sight, and it was raining. Gathering my bearings and drawing my fur vest tightly over me, and began the long trek home through the dark woods.

When I finally got there, Dad was sitting by the fire, stoking it.

Quietly as I could, I closed the heavy wooden door, and walked quickly to the dark wood stairs, and started climbing. I was so close to the top, It was in my grasp â€

"Hiccup."

Odin, really?

"Dad, uh, h-hi dadâ€|" I stuttered.

"I need to speak with you Hiccup" He informed me. Since when were we on a conversational level?

The incident in the forest sprang to mind, and I said:

"I uh, I need to speak with you as wellâ€|"

He took a deep breath, and said:

"I've enlisted you for Dragon training"

Whilst at the same time, I said:

"I don't want to fight Dragons."

"Wait, what?"

"Uh, uh, you first" I mumbled.

"Alright, ye got yer wish: Dragon training, tomorrow morning."

This wasn't good. Just as I discover that I can't kill dragons, he puts me in dragon training. Loki is really, really playing about with me isn't he.

"Oh Gods, I should've gone first. Um, uhh, I uh, I don't want to fight dragons Dad!" I said, panicked.

To this, he hardened his gaze, took an axe off the wall, and dumped it into my hands.

"You will kill dragons." That was an order.

I sighed.

"Do we have a deal?" He asked.

"This conversation is highly one sidedâ€|"

"Deal!?" Stoick bellowed.

I shrunk back and mumbled an agreement.

He took a large straw case packed with belongings and left. Just like that.

**\*\*A.N: So what do you guys think? I'd like to know, I need  
\*\*\_\*\*inspiration!. \*\*\_\*\*Thanks for reading!\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Deep Sea Green, Chapter Four.\*\***

**\*\*A.N:** Hello my minions; another thrilling instalment of our hero's tale. I just rewatched the movie, and have noticed Astrid is never straight up rude to Hiccup. I've changed that for my story, and she's going to be a **\*\*\_\*\*massive beeyatch. \*\*\_\*\*Just sayin'**. So, now, **FORWARDS EORLENGIS! \*\***

Nala's P.o.V:

I opened my eyes, blinking to adjust to the darkness. A small pile of fish and lamb chops waited me at the door. Stretching on my paws, I made a short, dragon yawn, and went to eat them.

This, as it turns out, presented a slight problem. I had no teeth.

The slippery, still wet fish and lamb slapped around the entrance to my mouth. This wasn't goodâ€¦|

Maybe if I concentrated on \_having \_them?

Opening my mouth a little, so I wouldn't cut myself, I thought as 'hard' as I couldâ€¦|

Suddenly, a sharp feeling in my mouth, and the fish in my mouth fell in two.

Smiling to myself, I swallowed.

A few minutes later, when the pile by the door had dramatically dwindled, some voices reached my ear.

"I hope I get some \_serious burns!" \_sounded likeâ€¦| Tuffnut?

"Yeah, like some cuts or bruises, on my arms or something" came Ruff's voice, the female twin of the dangerous duo.

"Obviously; It's only good if you get some burns out of it" a sarcastic voice said. It could only be Astrid.

Oh no. They're doing Dragon Training with me aren't they?

"Same here; Pain, love \_it" \_Rang the ever sarcastic voice of Hiccup.

There were some mumbles, andâ€¦| -Gobber was it?- explained all the captured dragons names, in a dramatic fashion.

He finally got to outside of my cell, and proclaimed to the trainee's:

"This here, is somethen' special for you lot; a young, female Night Fury. She doesn't appear to have control of her wings, her teeth, or her fire yet. So, today, you luckeh lot get to be the first in the \_entire \_village, to see a Night Fury up close.

"Woah woah woah! Aren't you gonna teach us anything first? That's the \_unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself! \_It'll kill us!" came Fishlegs' panicked cry.

"She's naught but a child Fish, there's not much she can realleh do te yeh, now" a chain pulled and the doors of my cage swung open.  
"Have fun!"

I tentatively stepped out of the cage, looking around for any other Vikings. Gobber was to my left, holding a meter long wooden shaft â€" a lever â€" that opened and closed my doors.

Sniffing the group of terrified teens, I took a long step towards them. Astrid came to her senses then, and lifted her double headed axe and ran at me; then all but Hiccup followed suit. I turned tail and ran.

Hiccup simply span on his heel to keep observing us and following the chase. His eyes were wide.

Then, I had an idea. I pivoted and ran straight for Hiccup, and he stumbled back a bit. Just as I was about to reach him, I leapt over his head, and the Vikings chasing me all crashed into the poor boy.

\_Oh Odin! What have I done! \_

Realising my mistake, I turned around to the pile of Viking, and pulled Hiccup out from under the smelly, heavy teenagers, who were clutching themselves in pain. Setting Hiccup straight, I looked around him for bruises or marks.

His eyes where trained on my short, sharp claws; filled with fear and a hint ofâ€¦ curiosity?

Happy with my inspection, I leapt onto the chained ceiling, and looked down at the now roused and angry Vikings.

I stuck my tongue out at them and leapt back down.

"\_Come at me!" \_I roared.

They flinched, looked at each other and-

A thick chain was tossed around my neck. I leapt onto my hind paws, lifting my front paws up to my neck, but it was no use. A small mountain of muscle stopped me.

Whining, I looked at Gobber, who just stared blankly back.

He lead me to my enclosure, where I slept for the rest of the day.

Hiccup's P.o.V:

We were walking in a cluster out of the Arena, talking animatedly. Well, I say we, but, you know...

"Okay, what 'ave we learned from our first encounter wit' the Night Fury?" Gobber asked, claspng hand and prosthetic together.

They all turned to look at me, saying in sync:

"It's not good at killing useless wimps."

Gobber sighed.

"I mean 'bout her behaviour. How can we benefit from this?" he asked again.

"Night Furies are light on their feet; they can dodge incoming attacks easily" Astrid said, turning back to Gobber.

"Anything else?"

"Night Furies only attack if they have to?" I said, more as a question.

To this, everyone, even Gobber laughed.

"They're mindless beasts Hiccup, they can't think for themselves!"

Then why didn't either of them kill me.

\_An idea struck me.\_

Looking to the group to see if anyone was paying attention to me (which was a silly thought), I turned to go to Bucket & Mulch's fish supply.

I ran down the docks, taking the creaky wooden steps two at a time. The smell of fresh fish and the salt in the ocean entered my nostrils.

Taking a deep breath, I grabbed as big a bag as I could find, and filled it with fish.

Looking around quickly, I span back to head up the hill. The coast was clear, so I went the way I came, and sprinted into the forest.

Now, you have to understand this, I'm not unfit. No Viking is unfit, but the bag was \_heavy. \_It was the equivalent of hauling Snotlout around all dayâ€|

I finally reached the area of the attack from yesterday. The cut Bola ropes were still there, so I threw them into the bushes. No one can know that I'm here; \_except maybe the girlâ€|\_

The Night Fury wasn't here. \_Well this was stupidâ€| like meâ€|\_

I looked to the ground, and noticed a trail of midnight black scales. Hope bloomed in my chest, and I pocketed the scale. I began following the dark trail, dodging bits of wildlife.

The trail led me to a large Cove in the ground, surrounded by smooth rocks, and a small lake in the centre.

The Cove, as my luck would have it, was deserted. Setting down the fishy basket, I sat down.

And then a massive black, screaming form flew past me.

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*A.N: FINALLY, THE HOLIDAYS! However, I now have a girlfriend :D so maybe not as much time as I'd like. I **\*\*\_\*\*will **\*\*\_\*\*write longer chapters now though, to compensate 8) Also, if anyone has any questions in regards to theâ€¦| ummâ€¦| more, **\*\*\_\*\*sexual parts **\*\*\_\*\*of this story, PM me :) **\*\*************

**\*\*Nala's P.o.V:\*\***

Darkness had fallen, and I was scared. I was still a Dragon, and I don't know how to change backâ€¦| I wanted to see Hiccupâ€¦|

\_Hiccup.\_

The small, scrawny adorable boy, with fiery red locks and a sarcastic personality: my only friend,.

No one but me saw the amazing mind and personality the small redhead owned. The village has labelled us as outcasts; unimportant. They use him for fixing their weapons; even the other Viking teens. He'd made Astrid's double headed ax, Fishlegs' Hammer, Ruff and Tuff's Spears, all of Gobber's prosthetic attachments and Snotlout's mace. Never once in my period here have I heard a 'thank you' to him.

During my thinking, I hadn't realised something.

I went to stand up on my four paws, but came to realise I was me again! I almost screamed with happiness, but then I remembered: a Night Fury is meant to be in this cage.

A plan formulated in my head; looks like I \_should \_scream after all. After all, the Night Fury had just thrown me into its cage and escaped.

I let out the loudest scream that I could.

Almost instantaneously, the small grate in the door opened, to revealâ€¦|

"\_Hiccup?"\_

"Wh-what are you doing in here?"

"It's a long story" I replied, smiling mischievously.

"Should I leave you in there? Or want me to get you out of there?"

I sighed, feeling tired all of a sudden.

"Just open the door Hiccup."

He obliged, flicking the lever to open the door.

I ran into his arms, and hugged him tightly.

And then I passed out.



\_Hiccups P.o.V:\_

Well this \_is \_new.

A girl, a beautiful one no less, had just passed out on me.

Maybe the Gods don't hate me!

I thought too soon; I slipped, and got my foot trapped in a random bucket. I sighed. Well, better get her back up to my houseâ€|

000

A long, slow journey up the hill later, she was lying in my bed, still asleep. But where would I sleepâ€|

Sighing, because I knew the next morning would be awkward, I clambered over her sleeping form and tucked myself in on her other side.

"Goodnightâ€| friend." I said, and promptly slept.

\*\*A.N: I know about the long hiatus, but shits been going down, and three friends have attempted suicide, so yeahâ€| But I'm back bitches! JK love you all \*\*

End  
file.